

The



# TATLER

& BYSTANDER



AUGUST 29, 1956  
TWO SHILLINGS

MISS SHEELIN RYAN





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MISS SHEELIN RYAN is the seventeen-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ryan of Long Meadow, Goring-on-Thames; she was presented by her mother in March this year. Miss Ryan was educated in England and in France and will go to the Ruskin School of Art at Oxford this coming October; her hobbies are tennis, painting and ballet. Her elder brother, Capt. G. J. Ryan, is serving in the Royal Horse Artillery and her younger brother, Martin, is at Bryanston School, Blandford, Dorset

## DIARY OF THE WEEK

From August 29 to September 5

**Aug. 29 (Wed.)** Sailing: Torquay Corinthian Yacht Club Regatta, Torquay, Devon, and National Firefly Yachting Championships (to Sept. 3), Torquay.

Cricket: Gentlemen of England v. Australians (to 31st) at Lord's.

Cricket Festival (to Sept. 7) starting with M.C.C. v. Yorkshire (to 31st) at Scarborough, Yorks. Northern Agricultural and Horticultural Society Show (two days) at Saumarez Park, Guernsey, Channel Islands.

Second day of Boys and Girls Exhibition at Olympia (to Sept. 8).

First night: *The Recruiting Officer*, at the Palace Theatre.

Racing at Brighton (two days) and Catterick Bridge.

**Aug. 30 (Thur.)** Dartmouth Royal Regatta, Dartmouth, Devon (two days).

Battle of Flowers at Saumarez Park, Guernsey. Kensington Antique Dealers' Fair, Kensington Town Hall (to Sept. 13).

First night: *Mr. Bolfry*, at the Aldwych, with Alastair Sim.

**Aug. 31 (Fri.)** Athletics: Great Britain v. U.S.S.R. and *News Of The World* British International Games (two days), White City, London.

Ponies of Britain Show (two days), Royal Ascot Racecourse, Berks.

English National Championship Sheepdog Trials (two days), Hereford.

London's Festival Ballet: *Les Sylphides* and *Coppelia* (two days), at the Royal Festival Hall.

Dance: Mrs. William Black, Mrs. Hutchison-Bradburne and Mrs. William Walker for Miss Angela Walker and Mr. Michael Walker, Mr. Timothy Black and Mr. Geordie Hutchison, at Chapel House, Kingskettle, Fife.

Racing at Windsor (two days) and Royal Caledonian Hunt and Lanark Meeting (two days).

**Sept. 1 (Sat.)** Partridge shooting season opens.

Bath Horse Show, Bath, Somerset.

Annual Floodlit Festival of Shakespeare (to 8th), Pendley Manor, Tring, Hertfordshire.

Racing at Lanark, Pontefract and Windsor.

**Sept. 2 (Sun.)** The Three Choirs Festival, Gloucester Cathedral (to 7th).

**Sept. 3 (Mon.)** Farnborough Air Display (to 9th—open to the public 7th, 8th and 9th), Farnborough, Hants.

London's Festival Ballet: *Swan Lake* (Act II) and *Coppelia* (to Sept. 6), at the Royal Festival Hall. Racing at Birmingham and Lewes.

**Sept. 4 (Tues.)** Motor cycle races: Manx Grand Prix (and 6th, provisional date), Isle of Man.

Polo: Rhinefield Polo Club Tournament at Brockenhurst (to 8th).

Racing at Birmingham and Lewes.

**Sept. 5 (Wed.)** Aboyne Highland Games, Aboyne, Aberdeenshire.

Heythrop Hunt Horse Show.

National Exhibition of Children's Art (to 29th), Royal Institute Galleries, Piccadilly.

First Skye Ball at Portree.

Racing at Bath and Lincoln (both for two days).

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## Her Royal Highness Princess Anne

THIS charming photograph of Princess Anne, comfortably asleep on a cushion, was taken by Mrs. Ulrica Forbes, the artist, and conjures up the carefreeness of a gay-spirited child secure and happy in a loving family. Although Princess Anne is still very

young—she celebrated her sixth birthday earlier this month—she has already endeared herself to all those who have seen her by her infectious gaiety and the charmingly natural good manners which are so apparent in both Princess Anne and her brother





*Brenda Piper on Nova with Col. Wiggan, Commandant of the Camp*

## YOUNG RIDERS UNDER CANVAS

SOME forty-eight members of the Vine Hunt Branch of the Pony Club have been in camp at Tangier Park, near Basingstoke, the home of Major and the Hon. Mrs. M. Gold. Most of the boys and girls were under canvas and during their fortnight stay at the camp they underwent training in all branches of horsemanship under expert instructors

*Elizabeth Fenwick, Carolyn Rankin, Sarah Wiggan and Belinda Walford*

*Jeremy Groves and Christopher Rankin with Motiram unload hay supplies*



*Jane Gaunt and Ralph Mitchell preparing to feed their ponies*



*Ruth Singer and Timothy James were watering their ponies*



*Georgina Oclee, David Selby, Susan Fradgley and Roderick Bellamy*

*Joanna Mills, Elizabeth Horton and Gail Snell had been visiting Sugar Boy in his box*







*During a break in the morning training, some of the riders gather beneath one of the beautiful beech trees which are a feature of the grounds of Tangier Park*

Victor Yorke



*Clarissa Kershaw on Mystery and  
William Courage on Henrietta*



*Rachel Lory, Susan Mustoe and  
Penelope MacKay back from a ride*



*Jane Knight and Hugh Oliver  
Bellasis, two of the young riders*



## The Social Journal

# The Queen goes north

### Jennifer

AFTER their tour of the Western Isles of Scotland in the Britannia and their visit to the opening of the tenth Edinburgh Festival, Her Majesty the Queen, with Prince Philip and their children Prince Charles and Princess Anne, arrived last week at Balmoral for a well earned holiday in Scotland. They will, it is hoped, be able to spend the next few weeks quietly, having a few members of their family and near friends to stay.

Advance reports from the Royal grouse moors were of better prospects than last season; shooting here did not begin as in many places on August 13, but started after the arrival of the Queen, who does not herself shoot, and Prince Philip, who is becoming a first-class shot.

★ ★ ★

AFTER Cowes I flew up to Edinburgh on B.E.A.'s Chieftain, Viscount service, to stay at St. Boswells for the Buccleuch Hunt Summer Dance. The Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe kindly lent Floors Castle for this event, and it made a truly perfect setting. Nearly four hundred guests danced in the fine panelled ballroom, with its magnificent tapestries and pictures. In the adjoining room, where a bar had been arranged, even more exquisite tapestries covered all the walls. A buffet supper was arranged at small tables in the dining-room, and the library and other sitting-rooms provided plenty of space for sitting out.

Everywhere you went were beautiful flowers, carnations, lilies, stocks, phlox, larkspur and roses all grown in the gardens at Floors and arranged by the Duke's head gardener. The ball was perfectly run by the very efficient chairman of the dance committee, Mrs. J. R. Mackenzie, a wonderful organizer. In spite of all the work entailed in the preparations Mrs. Mackenzie had a house full of young guests and a dinner party of eighteen; she arrived at the ball looking radiant in a lavender grey organza dress over deep purple.

The Duke of Roxburghe, who is chairman of the Hunt Committee, and the Duchess of Roxburghe, who looked charming in green, were both present and dancing much of the evening. I saw the two joint-masters, the Earl of Ellesmere and the Earl of Dalkeith, the latter dancing with his very pretty wife. The Countess of Ellesmere was farther up north fishing, so missed the dance.

I met Major Thomas Cox, who has been secretary of the hunt for many years, with his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Luczwo-Wyhowski, and Lt.-Col. John Montagu-Douglas-Scott, who gave up the joint mastership last year, and his very attractive wife, a cousin of the Duke of Devonshire, who besides their nice home in the Border country own Dalcross Castle, in Inverness-shire.

MAJOR STANLEY CAYZER, joint-Master of the Warwickshire hounds, came in Mrs. Mackenzie's party as did Lord and Lady Balfour of Inchrye, the latter in a charming blue lace dress. Lady Balfour's brother, Major Philip Profumo, has joined Major Cayzer and Miss Beryl Buckmaster this season as a joint-Master of the Warwickshire hounds, in place of Viscount Bearsted, who resigned at the end of last season. Also at the party were Col. and Mrs. Alistair Balfour of Dawick, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. George Trotter, Mrs. Mackenzie's two attractive daughters, Miss Sarah Platt and Miss Rosemary Platt, who makes her debut next year, Miss Charmaine Schroeder, Miss Joanna Arnold-Graham, Mr. Ilay Campbell from Lennel, Mr. James Hunter Blair from Ayrshire, Mr. Colin Sandeman, and Mr. David Liddell-Grainger.

Others supporting this excellent Hunt dance included Major and Mrs. Hugh Cairns, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Scott Plummer, Mr. John Menzies and his attractive wife, who wore a striking emerald green faille and organza dress, Mr. and Mrs. Van Burden, Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Straker, and Mr. Arthur Collins, who was staying at Floors with his cousin the Duke of Roxburghe. Among other young people dancing I saw the Hon. Elizabeth Younger, Miss Serena Fass and the Hon. Peregrine Fairfax, who brought a party from Mindrum including those two pretty girls, Lady Carey Coke and the Hon. Janet Hamilton.

Many of these young guests were present the following night at the coming-out ball which the Earl and Countess of Tankerville and Major



Betty Swaebe

LADY CAMILLA OSBORNE is the daughter of the 11th Duke of Leeds; she was born in 1950. This delightful photograph was taken at her home, Melbourne House, St. John, Jersey, Channel Islands



J. E. Jones

MISS PHYLLIDA BARSTOW, the eighteen-year-old daughter of Col. and Mrs. John Barstow, of Forest Farm, Hundred House, Builth Wells, whose grandparents gave a coming-out dance for her this year





Miss Linda Medcalfe was talking to the Hon. Randal Plunkett



Mr. John Cahen-D'Anvers with Mlle. Sophie de Dampierre, from Paris

The Earl of Wilton was in conversation with Mrs. Peter Quennell



Lady Birkin, wife of Sir Charles Birkin, Bt., with G/Capt. Tighe



Charles C. Fennell

In Ireland recently Mr. George Ansley gave a very enjoyable dance for his daughter, Miss Jacqueline Ansley (above) at Somerville House, County Meath. The guests included people who had come over for the Dublin Horse Show which took place that week

and Mrs. J. W. Home-Robertson gave for their daughters Lady Cressida Bennett and Miss Elizona Home-Robertson. This took place at Paxton House, near North Berwick, which has been in the Home-Robertson family for over two hundred years.

★ ★ ★

I went on the following day to that unique spot, Gleneagles Hotel, in Perthshire, for one night. I found Mr. Berry had returned for the season (which finishes at the end of October), to look after the comfort of guests, who really enjoy superb service here. I noticed one or two improvements since my last visit. Among these were the additional nine holes to the "Pitch and Putt" course, making it a full eighteen hole course now, and "La Potiniere," the new luxuriously furnished bar, next to the Restaurant de Soleil where the cuisine and service were as good as ever.

Both golf courses, the famous King's Course and the shorter and slightly easier Queen's Course, were in splendid order with the greens like a billiard table.

Among keen golfers who have been round this month are Lord Brabazon of Tara, a former Captain of St. Andrews, who spent a weekend here with Lady Brabazon, M. Pinay and his son-in-law and daughter, M. and Mme. J. Roy, over from France, Mr. Winstanley, Mr. Leslie Gamage and his sister-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Rose, whom I saw playing round Queen's Course with Mrs. Charles Snelling, who plays a very good game of golf. The Hon. Mrs. Gamage was enjoying the holiday at Gleneagles with her husband in their usual suite of rooms, overlooking the beautiful gardens, which her father, the late Lord Hirst, occupied for many summers.

Other regular visitors, back for varying lengths of stay, in this superbly comfortable hotel included Mrs. W. A. Bailey and her sons, Mr. Graham Bailey (whose gay and attractive wife was recovering from an operation in the London Clinic, so he only stayed a very short while), Mr. Ian Bailey, her grandson Mr. Adrian Bailey and his very pretty wife, Lady Mary Bailey, who came for the weekend.

Also there were Rose Marchioness of Headfort, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Davis, annual visitors from South Carolina, Sir Malcolm and Lady Trustram Eve, Mr. George Whigham, Sir Archibald and Lady Black, and Sir Basil and Lady McFarland, who had Miss Barbara Miles, the former dancing champion, dining with them. She is at Gleneagles again this season arranging the bridge room and other amusements for the guests.

DURING a recent brief stay in Bembridge after an absence of two years, I found this unique summer resort having a good season in spite of the very bad summer. As always, there were numerous family parties, many parents who have come to Bembridge since they were children now bring their own families.

There always seems something to amuse the young. For the very little ones there is the beach, which is also a happy hunting ground for nannies, who meet old friends year after year. The older children have swimming, cricket on the sands, and principally wonderful sailing, which they can begin at an early age in the little "scows," under an instructor, if their parents are not there to teach them. There is also riding and tennis. For parents, of course, there is the sailing if you are a member of the flourishing Bembridge Sailing Club.

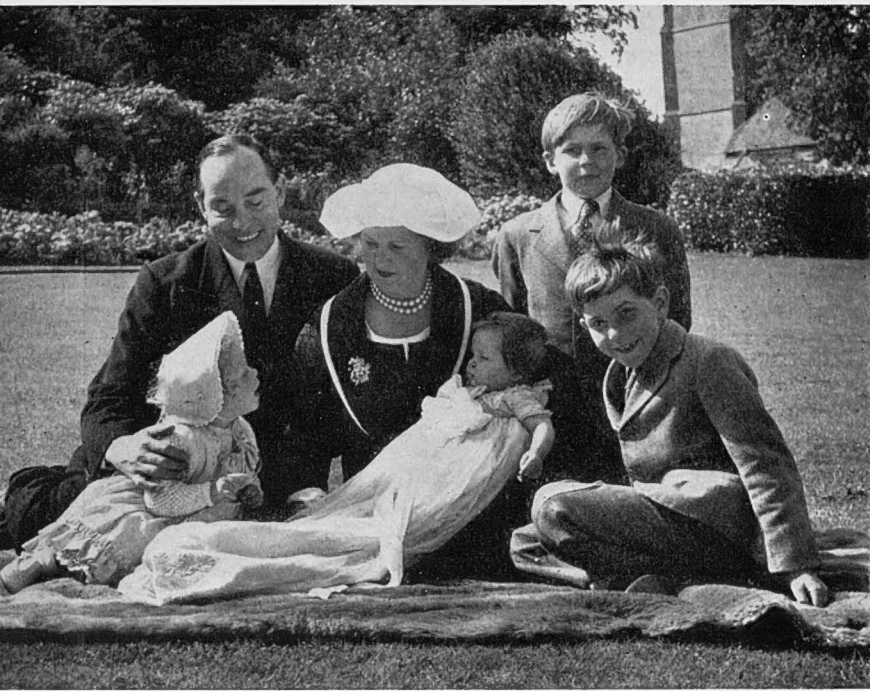
Evening entertainment includes dancing informally, rather like a Continental resort, at the Pitt House Club. This club, which is a haven of comfort opened four years ago, and is superbly run by Mr. and Mrs. Clegg (the club house right on the sea originally belonged to Mrs. Clegg's family), is a great addition to Bembridge. Staying there the weekend of my visit were the Hon. William and Mrs. McGowan and their enchanting little daughter Fiona, who found plenty of young friends to play with, and Lord and Lady Fairfax, who divided their time between sailing and playing on the sands with their four-year-old daughter and six-month-old son and heir.

THE Hon. David Wodehouse came down to join his wife and good-looking children, whom I saw playing cricket on the sands. Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth McAlpine were also staying here and busy sailing their new Dragon, Wahoo, which they took over to Cowes. Mr. and Mrs. Brian Bonsor were there with their family, also Mr. and Mrs. William Straker Smith and Mr. Peter Lloyd, the Hon. Geordie Ward with his two children, Georgina and Anthony, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gautier from Paris and Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Fletcher. Col. and Mrs. Towers Clark came over to Bembridge after Cowes and Major and Mrs. George Meyrick were among several visitors who stayed here comfortably for Goodwood.

I had an aperitif at the Garland Club with Mr. and Mrs. Bill Curling and Sir Anthony and Lady Bonham; the Curlings and the Bonhams both have houses at Bembridge and spend each summer holiday there with their children. I dined with Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn, who have a charming house in the famous Ducie Avenue, where their three good-looking young sons spend a blissful summer, going down to the beach each day to join numerous friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip de Lazslo and their four children have been spending the summer holidays in the charming house, North Wells,





Betty Swaabe

SIR ROBERT AND LADY HOBART are seen with their young family, John, Robert and Penelope, before the christening of their small son, Anthony Hampden Hobart, who is seven months old. This photograph was taken in the grounds of Gatcombe Park on the Isle of Wight, which is the home of Sir Robert and Lady Hobart

which they bought from General Woodruffe last year. Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Sandys rented a house for the holidays and had their young family with them. On the beach I met Col. and Mrs. James Alyson and their two little sons, who were playing cricket with young friends at low tide. The Alysons, who also have a house here, were joined by Mr. Patrick Stirling, the Mayor of Westminster, and his very attractive wife, who had just returned from staying with Lord and Lady Melchett in Formentor.

I WENT along to see Mr. and Mrs. Reggie Sheffield, who had a big party staying with them at Mr. Jim Foster's lovely house, which has an enchanting long portico where you can lunch and dine out of doors. Their three children, Serena, Fiona who is a débutante next year, and "Young Reggie," were enjoying their second summer at Bembridge. Among guests staying with them were Sir John Gilmour, who has since gone to Scotland to shoot, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Mills, the Hon. Edward and the Hon. Mrs. Ward, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Thursby, who had been over to Cowes to see her father, Sir Godfrey Baring, Miss Cecilia Weikersheim and the Hon. Shaun Plunket.

I went to a cocktail party given by Sir Derrick and Lady Gunston at their fascinating home near the harbour at Bembridge. Lady Gunston is extremely clever about décor and makes every house she moves into

more charming than the last. Their present home was originally two coastguards' cottages.

The Earl and Countess of Malmesbury have a houseboat at Bembridge and came down there from their Hampshire home with their younger daughter Lady Nell Harris, and their ten-year-old son and heir, Viscount FitzHarris. Their elder daughter, Lady Sylvia Maltby, was on her honeymoon abroad.

Others who have been enjoying the delights of Bembridge include Lady Georgiana Curzon, Lt.-Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Thomas Davies and their family, who were staying in his mother's, Lady Davies's house, and Mr. and Mrs. Sandy Cameron who rented the house that used to belong to the late Lady Godfrey Fausset. When they left in the middle of the month, Lord and Lady De Lisle and Dudley moved in with their young family.

MRS. DAVID WATELY and her teenage sister, Miss Camilla Belville, were staying with their father, Mr. Tony Belville, in his lovely home, The White House, at the bottom of Ducie Avenue. Mr. William and the Hon. Mrs. Ekyn had his son and daughter, seven-year-old Robert and the two-year-old twins, Anthony and Bill, sampling their first Bembridge, the Hon. Wentworth and the Hon. Mrs. Beaumont's young family, and Leonora and Jane Grosvenor with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Grosvenor. The Hon. Mrs. Robert Grosvenor and her children shared a house here with Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Osbert King, while the Earl and Countess of Gainsborough stayed at Yarmouth, but motored over with their five children to spend each day in Bembridge.

Young children enjoying their seaside holiday here early in July included Lady Margaret Hay's two eldest, who were with their mother, Mr. Jock and Lady Margaret Colville's son, Alexander, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Peter Kenward's three sons, seven-year-old Robert and the two-year-old twins, Anthony and Bill, sampling their first Bembridge, the Hon. Wentworth and the Hon. Mrs. Beaumont's young family, and Leonora and Jane Grosvenor with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Grosvenor. The Hon. Mrs. Robert Grosvenor and her children shared a house here with Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Osbert King, while the Earl and Countess of Gainsborough stayed at Yarmouth, but motored over with their five children to spend each day in Bembridge.

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FLASHING back to the London season as always there was a rush of cocktail parties arranged at very short notice during the very last week. I went to a very gay little gathering given in her charming Grosvenor Square flat by Rafaelle Duchess of Leinster, who always has the knack of making a party a success. Here I met many friends who have since left London for the seaside or country at home or abroad including the Cuban Ambassador and Mme. de Mendoza, the Irish Ambassador and Mrs. Boland, the Duke of Leinster, Lord and Lady Barnby, the later talking to Mrs. Douglas Pirie who was back from Nigeria with her husband for a couple of months, Lord and Lady Mancroft, Lord and Lady Kilmarnock, Vicomte d'Orthez, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Wood, Mrs. de Hart who had given a delightful fork supper party a few nights previously in her flat in Claridge House, and Sir Ronald Cross, who with Lady Cross gave a cocktail party the following evening.

From here I went on to Lord and Lady George Scott's London home in Glebe Place where guests met in Lady George Scott's studio and were able to see some of her latest portraits. As Molly Bishop she paints and draws most successfully and among her most recent work is a



Col. H. B. Manson of the U.S.A.A.F. escorting Mrs. W. H. Holt



Miss Jane Paston-Green and Mr. Geoffrey Gibbon at the tombola



Mr. Nigel Leigh-Pemberton, an Old Stager, and Miss Sally Abbott



charming oil painting of Prince Jagat Singh, the young son of the Maharaja and Maharanee of Jaipur. Many guests were also admiring the drawings of the Hon. Morys and Mrs. Bruce's sons Alastair and James Bruce, and the pastel of Maxwell Aitken, the four-year-old son of the Hon. Max and Mrs. Aitken. Her very fine drawing of Sir Laurence Olivier, done in his costume for *Richard III*, was there, just back from exhibition in New York.

Among the guests were the Spanish Ambassador, the Cuban Ambassador and Mme. de Mendoza, who had also come on from Grosvenor Square, the Hon. Gavin Astor, and the Hon. Neville and Mrs. Berry, off a few days later to that enchanting spot Roches Fleuries where I spent a very enjoyable brief visit a few years ago. Also Mr. and Mrs. Michael Crichton, Dr. and Mrs. Leonard Simpson, Joyce Grenfell and Mrs. John Dewar.

Lord and Lady Weeks gave a party at their Lowndes Square flat where their guests were mostly "young marrieds." This was to welcome home their son-in-law and daughter, Lt. and the Hon. Mrs. Peter Troubridge and their baby son Thomas, who was staying with his grandparents, and was asleep in one of the spare rooms. Lieutenant and the Hon. Mrs. Troubridge have been stationed in Malta for the past year, but are now back in this country for possibly a year or two.

SIR RONALD AND LADY CROSS, who are home on leave from Tasmania where he is Governor, gave a delightful party in Mrs. Schroeder's Chelsea Square home where they have been staying while they are in England. Their two youngest daughters, Susanna, a very pretty girl who made her debut this season, and Karina, who is only fourteen and has been with her parents in Tasmania, were both at the party where, besides older friends who were delighted to have a chance of seeing their host and hostess, there were also quite a lot of young people including Mr. Bruno Schroeder who is enjoying his long vacation from Oxford and has now gone up to Scotland.

Mr. and Mrs. Freer gave a most interesting buffet supper party, which was beautifully arranged, in their delightful home in Albany; here I found many personalities from the theatrical and literary world. On another very warm evening I enjoyed a cocktail party given by Sir Brian and Lady Mountain in their Eaton Square flat which has a long, wide balcony overlooking the gardens, where everyone enjoyed a cool drink. Their daughter Mrs. Dane Douetil was there with her husband, and their younger son Nicholas.

Among guests I met, many discussing holiday plans, were Mrs. Rose Benson, very attractive in pink—she and her husband have now left their lovely Sussex home for a remote island off Scotland where they really enjoy a restful time. Also Lord and Lady Dynevor who live next to the Mountains, and Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Don, who had returned the previous day from Majorca; she was off the following week with their three little daughters to spend six weeks in America with her family. I also met Sir Anthony Lindsay Hogg, Sir Edward and Lady Baron, Brig. and Mrs. Ronnie Johnston and Mr. and Mrs. Derek Hogg.

The final party on the eve of Goodwood was given by Countess Alphonse Kinsky at her home in Cadogan Square where, since she returned from Toronto with her children, she has been living with her father Mr. Norman Bohn. Her husband Count Alphonse Kinsky, who is coming to England from Canada for a few weeks, hopes to join the family at the end of this month.



Mr. Hugh Wontner, Miss Pekoe Ainley, Mr. Jock Ledward and Mrs. Hugh Wontner were among the guests



Major Richard Ravenhill sells tombola tickets to Mr. E. Clifford-Smith and Mrs. R. W. Cookson

**Cricketers** from Kent celebrated their county's victory over Lancashire at the annual Canterbury Cricket Week Ball which was held at Howe Barracks, the depot of the Buffs. Guests danced and dined in a marquee adjoining the ballroom and the proceeds of the ball went to the Buffs charities, and also to polio research and the Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies



Brig. R. F. Parry, Mrs. Parry, Lord Fitzwalter and Mrs. W. E. Pratten were dining together



Mr. John Rickards and Mrs. Rickards hand their tickets to Sgt. Phillips of the Buffs

Desmond O'Neill



## SAILORS ON DRY LAND

ONE of the many successful parties given on the Isle of Wight during the recent regattas was that given by the Royal London Yacht Club. Members and friends spent a pleasant time discussing the racing and relaxing from their day's sailing, as many of them had been competing



*Mrs. Blake and Mr. Geoffrey Blake*



*Mr. H. R. Freemantle, Commodore of the R.L.Y.C.,  
Lt.-Cdr. Y. Clech, Mr. G. E. Mantout and Mrs. Freemantle*



*Mrs. Gilbert and Mr. Geoffrey  
Gilbert*



*M. Andre Fossorier, Mme. Fossorier  
and M. Robert Fossorier*



*Mrs. R. T. Lowein, Mr. F. Gillham,  
Mr. R. T. Lowein and Mrs. Gillham*



*M. and Mme. Hugh D'Orlandes  
from France*



*Miss Sylvia Rothwell, Major Cyril  
Dennis and Dr. Peter Butcher*



*Mr. Rodney Carritt, Mrs. Methuen  
and Mr. Peter Methuen*

A. V. Swaabe





*The Hon. Christopher Layton, eldest son and heir of Lord Layton, with Mrs. Layton*

*The  
TATLER  
and  
Bystander,  
AUGUST 29,  
1956  
379*



*Miss Margaret Ellsworth-Jones and Mr. John Crookshank*

## YACHTSMEN ASHORE

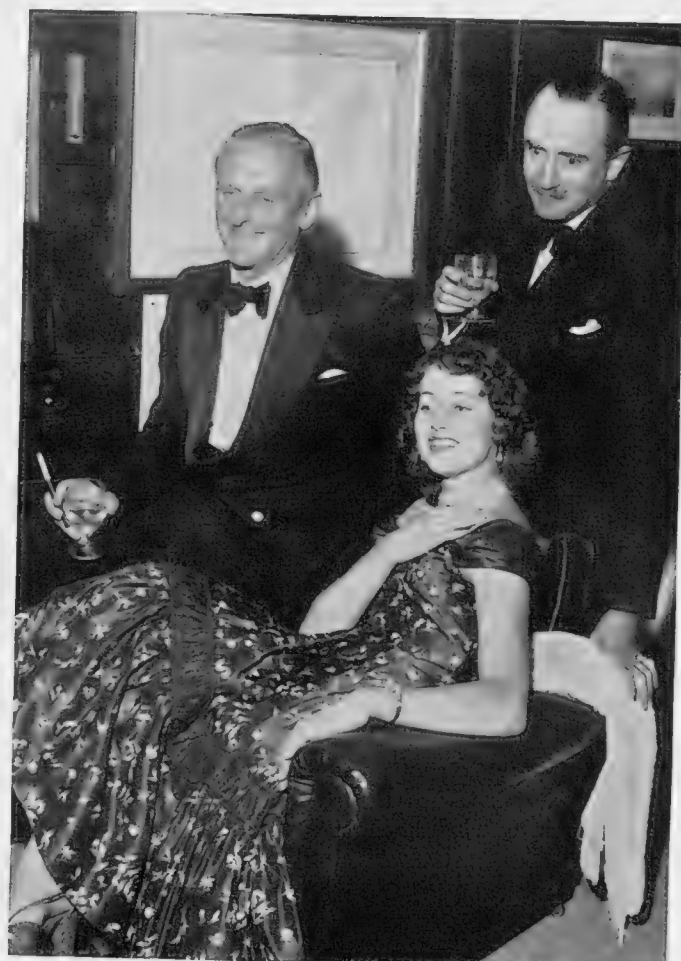
OVER 500 guests celebrated the end of Cowes week by attending the Bembridge Sailing Club Ball held at the club-house, which is one of the most popular social occasions of the regatta week on the Isle of Wight during recent years



*Mrs. Charles Simpson seated at a table with Lord and Lady Teynham*



*Miss Hilary Laing the noted skier with Mr. Dudley Head and Mr. John Raymond*



*Mr. Ralph Roper-Curzon, Miss Susanah Gardner and G/Capt. Charles Simpson*



*Mr. and Mrs. Frew-Brown were sitting out with Miss Jennifer Frew-Brown*

*Desmond O'Neill*





*A scene of Oriental splendour in the eighteenth-century manner is set for Act II Scene 1 of Mozart's "Entführung aus dem Serail," a garden in the palace, flooded with sunlight*

## A MASTER OF DECOR SPEAKS OF HIS ART



Tony Armstrong Jones

*Oliver Messel, photographed above, describes in the accompanying article the thrills and headaches encountered in theatrical decor, of which he is such an outstanding exponent*

**I**N many people's minds there is a delightful hazy impression that a few sketches and a visit to the costumier is all that is required of a designer, and that somehow, automatically, the complete stage picture will take shape.

"What fun you must have designing for the theatre," I am repeatedly told at an opening night, and I may smile happily if this is the ultimate impression. Perhaps a few minutes earlier, the fun has been of a livelier kind. Temperaments frayed from months of work and strenuous rehearsals have reached a point of explosion, sometimes producing a comedy more spontaneous than is seen upon the stage.

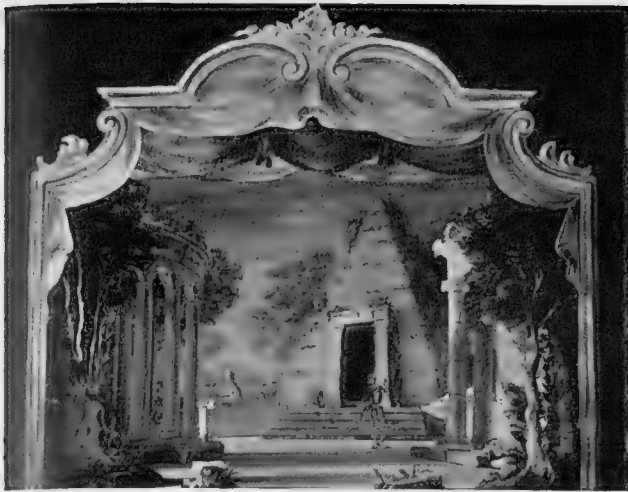
Nothing can be more enjoyable than the first discussions. A congenial evening in the winter gathered round a piano or listening to recordings of the music. Maestro Gui, perhaps, explaining some special phrasing to my inexperienced ear, or Carl Ebert's description of some previous production. Next stage, perhaps, a trip abroad to Berlin, it might be, for further conferences. What could be nicer. Some new recipes for the cookery book, a peep into the Russian zone, more records, more discussions. Everything happy, and home again. The real snag is always having to take the final plunge and put intangible ideas into practical form. This is particularly so when a designer has more than one production on his board at the same time. I was fortunate at Glyndebourne earlier this year in that I had designed *Figaro* last year, *Idomeneo* was complete, and so only *Entführung* and *The Magic Flute* were new problems.

**W**ITH the four Mozart operas in the one season I was anxious to retain the eighteenth-century character, yet in each one to attempt to develop a different technique to make as much variety between them as possible.

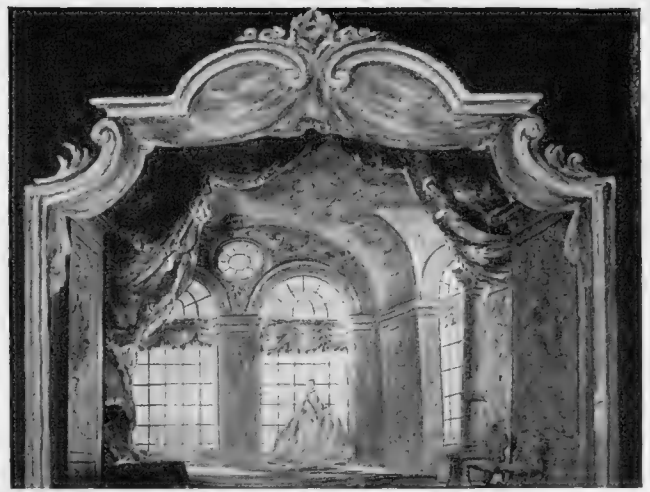
*Idomeneo* was intended to be an eighteenth-century eye view of Crete, as in the frescos of Tiepolo with the echo of Tintoretto and Veronese. The original stage directions were, in this case, so complicated that the opera was handicapped by scene changes, so I planned a more simple production to retain the continuity of the music. Different levels are used as a stand for grouping the static choral ensembles, and distant colonnades in perspective are built in partial relief as at the Teatro Olimpico, Vicenza. *Figaro* was an Italian conception of Spain. I chose the mid-eighteenth century rather than the late, because the style was more becoming to the artists.

*Entführung*, being particularly light and artificial in mood, is designed with a less realistic approach. The eighteenth-century decorations on an Oriental theme in the Residenz at Munich,





Left: a model for the setting of Act I Scene 3 of "The Magic Flute," the Three Temples. Right: Model for a scene in "The Marriage of Figaro"



the lacelike pavilions in the Soho Tapestries, or Meissen Porcelain groups, are the sources on which the designs are based. The technique is entirely different to the other operas. The last, *The Magic Flute*, presented far the most problems for many reasons. The scene changes are more complicated than any other opera. For me it had the added obstacle that having designed it once before and solved some of the technical problems, it was particularly hard to try to find another way, as different as possible, while still attempting to follow closely the original stage directions.

Thumbnail sketches on foolscap pads grew until there was no way of filing them together. For *The Magic Flute* there must have been at least 800 of them before a shape for the production appeared. Although probably smudged and indecipherable to anyone else, the small sketches become perfectly clear to me and are translated in exact proportion to a rough scale model.

First a miniature figure, half inch to the foot, of one of the principal characters is made, and round it the scene is built. The little figure assumes the nature of a mascot. From the rough model I remake a complete and more perfected model. At this stage I am able to call in the help of my first and principal ally, Cecil Toms. As well as being a remarkable artist in his own right he has magically neat fingers, and far more patience than I have, and he helps me to complete every minute detail—furniture, passols or Oriental barge. Models are then made in duplicate or even triplicate, so that the carpenters do not destroy the originals. I never fail to be astonished at how the theatrical artist is able to translate every detail so exactly like the original.

Not until the settings are complete can the drawings for the costumes be started. For each production of each scene, compositions of colours on scraps of paper are put together, like a game of patience, on the floor. It seems impossible for me to do one costume at a time. They all have to be hatched together, like a clutch of eggs.

It is only in the quiet hours of the night that I am able to concentrate fully, usually at a deadline, knowing that all the designs have to be completed without fail by the next day. In a state of desperation, one sketch after another seems to get finished, and is placed on any level surface to dry. With the first squeaks of the birds the effort is intensified. There still seem several more to do, and now will it be possible to get the dresses made in time?

The postman knocks at the door. The artist arrives at 8.30 a.m.

to collect another cut cloth or a border. Once the drawings are finished and the mental battle is over the terrible technical problems of the magic opera seem solved at last. Then the Director arrives. Oh, heavens! No rostrum here? No column there? Impossible! Quite, quite impossible! I have to admit I am not above putting up quite a fight if I think it worthwhile, as I will face anything rather than the struggle with myself again.

The second part of the process is less painful than the first. All the innumerable drawings for details of the costumes, head-dresses, props, shoes, etc., are comparatively straightforward, and there is the pleasure of seeing the drawings translated into gossamer jewelled fantasies by brilliantly ingenious hands. Cloth of gold and metallic threads is being cut and shaped into bodices for the three ladies, while the finest quality of cloth is draped into sculptural folds on the Priests and expert hands materialize the dress for the Queen of the Night.

ONLY a day or two to go. Great crisis! Urgent telephone calls! The scenes cannot change. There must be a drastic alteration! The Master Carpenter, always a great character, discovers that after all the scene can work. Again more crises, sliding trees cannot be made to slide. They must remain stationary throughout. The carpenter puts a weight on the front, and it is found that they can slide. At the dress rehearsal, although much is still missing in the production, for the first time in full make-up, the beauty of the cast can be appreciated. They seem to have been chosen as much for their appearance as for the beautiful quality of their voices. A serpent, still unrehearsed, dangles rather more like a Christmas stocking than a sinuous reptile, and many technical effects need urgent attention. As the hours grow less before the opening night, the atmosphere becomes more feverishly agitated.

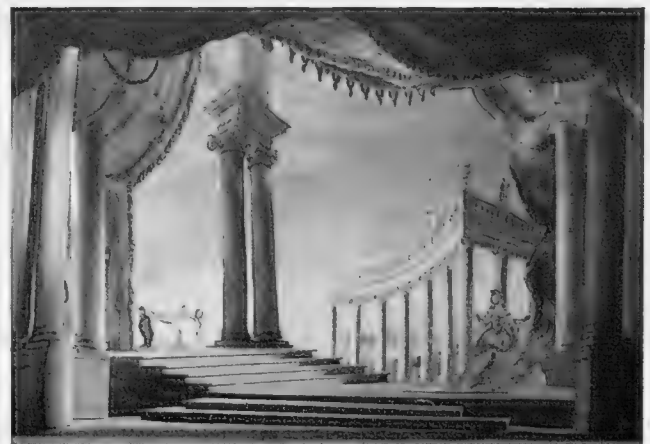
In the wings last-minute embellishments are added to complete the picture as the lights are placed in position. The tension of these final moments reaches its height as the bells are ringing. I make a last moment dash for the stalls, falling through the pass door as the lights grow dim, and the Conductor takes up his position. As I slide into the vacant seat as the overture starts, waiting for the curtain to rise, I can still enjoy the same illusion and excitement as I experienced as a child with my first toy theatre.

What fun I must have had!

—Oliver Messel



Model of an enchanted garden in "The Marriage of Figaro." Right: Magnificent classicism designed for the opera "Idomeneo"





## NEW PRODUCER AT STRATFORD

PETER HALL at the youthful age of twenty-five has rapidly come to the forefront as a stage director. His production of *Loves's Labour's Lost* has won acclaim at Stratford this season, and as Director of Productions at the Arts Theatre he has been responsible for those unique successes *Waiting For Godot* and *Waltz Of The Toreadors* now running at the Criterion Theatre. He had his first chance to produce plays while up at Cambridge for the A.D.C. and the Marlowe Society. *Gigi* at the New Theatre is another of his productions



Tom Bl

## Roundabout

● Cyril Ray

ONCE, during the war, between being bombed in London and shelled elsewhere, I sought—and found—a week's respite in Tunbridge Wells, and have had a soft spot ever since for that pleasant town, with its pretty shops and houses, and its air both of rustic freshness and of urban elegance.

So I am specially charmed to learn that next week Royal Tunbridge Wells, to give it its full title, is fittingly to celebrate the 350th anniversary of the discovery made by Lord North in 1606 when, travelling through what was then a wild woodland, between Eridge and London, he stumbled on a spring "which bore on its surface a shining scum, and left in its course down a neighbouring brook a ruddy ochreous track."

Not a very appetizing description of the mildly chalybeate waters that were to cure all sorts of seventeenth-century colics and eighteenth-century vapours, and to establish, however indirectly, a prosperity that reached its height in 1914, when the income tax paid per head by

the inhabitants of Tunbridge Wells is said to have been larger than in any other town in Britain. Not that the town is badly off these days, either, but I doubt whether it still maintains that uncomfortable pre-eminence. I wonder what English town does?

I was in Tunbridge Wells only the other day, glad to see in the museum the enchanting display of Tunbridge ware—that woodwork mosaic that so characteristically decorated the Victorian scene; awed to hear of the damage done to orchards and hop-gardens by that historic hailstorm of August Bank Holiday ("my apples looked as though they'd been battered with sharp little hammers," a Tunbridge Wells man told me); and sorry to discover that Romarys, the biscuit people, are disposing of their two altogether delightful shops that stand together on the edge of the Common, presumably because they now make their biscuits elsewhere, and believe that they no longer need the advertising space that

a prettily traditional shop-window provides.

Are these two charming little buildings to be pulled down? The alarmists think so, and I hope they are wrong. Tunbridge Wells is to celebrate most royally next week, with a bishop's blessing of the chalybeate spring; Morris dancers on the Pantiles; and a joint recital by one of the world's most famous violinists and one of the world's most famous pianists.

FOR Yehudi Menuhin and Louis Kentner are both, by a happy coincidence, married to sisters who are, by inheritance, joint ladies of the manor in which much of the town stands.

It would indeed be seemly if the burghers of Tunbridge Wells resolved, also, as part of their birthday celebrations, to make the Romary shops safe against demolition.

Mention of the two eminent musicians who are to sweeten still further the mild air of Tunbridge Wells reminds me that I have been reading a new collection and



translation of the correspondence between Brahms and Clara Schumann. It is a pleasing book, but misleading as to its title, *A Passionate Friendship* (Staples, 16s.), for I believe the lifelong attachment between the rough, bearded composer and the charming pianist who was Robert Schumann's widow to have been deep, sentimental—anything you like to call it, save either passionate or physical.

The letters are slight, but deeply interesting in their references to other musicians of that great mid-nineteenth century age that heard Rubinstein at the piano, Joachim with the violin, and saw Wagner and Brahms at the height of their powers. Fascinatingly unimportant are such revelations as that Brahms suffered from chilblains. I liked, too, Clara's letters from Russia, where she found St. Petersburg, in 1864, deeply carpeted with snow, and the River Neva a sheet of ice "over which you drive as if it were a street." And from Moscow, where there was too much dust to see the city's four hundred churches, and where, only a matter of months after the liberation of the serfs, "one sees only the people, filthy men and women in rags, and when you learn how they live it makes you shudder."

And yet, she wrote, "since the abolition of serfdom, things are beginning to improve. The people are beginning to think and learn. . . ." The pianist was an unconscious witness of the beginning of a long march that many a historian of our own day would give his hopes of a professorial chair to have seen.

★ ★ ★

Now that there are Morello cherries to be had we have been making cherry brandy, cherry whisky and cherry gin: "It makes your eyes sparkle, doesn't it?" said our elderly cook, as she watched my wife packing the pricked cherries and the sugar into the liquor. Bless her innocent old heart, that her eyes should sparkle at thoughts of a pleasure that must be withheld from her for at least six months!

If the authorities I have consulted are agreed, I find, that the word is Morello

### AFTER THE BALL

I wonder if, when we were young,  
Car-doors made such a noise?  
And if the tunes that then were sung  
By homing girls and boys,  
After the Ball, were quite so drear?  
Did we, in raucous pairs,  
Shout our Goodnights for all to hear . . .  
And stamp so on the stairs?  
I wonder if our parents tossed,  
With direst mutterings  
About the precious sleep they'd lost,  
When we were Bright Young Things?

—Margot Crosse

. . .

and not Morella, though I wasn't easy to convince—probably because the first lines I learned of the lyric poetry that is the glory (the dons say) of English literature must have been:

Welcome always, keep it handy:  
Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy.

closely followed, of course, by:

They come as a boon and a blessing to  
men—

The Pickwick, the Owl, and the  
Waverley Pen.

And—not so widely known to *littérateurs* as it should be (I have startled many an Oxford and many a Bloomsbury party by reciting it at literary luncheons):

Nature alone won't wave the hair:  
Hindes' Wavers, too, must do their  
share.

The Kentish sour cherry is the lighter of the two types of Morello, and it makes a deliciously dry cherry brandy with a lovely light-red colour. The two other noble cherry liqueurs, Kirsch and Maraschino, are distilled direct from the cherries, not made from cherries steeped in grape-brandy, and the different method of manufacture produces, or should, a completely colourless liqueur.

Kirsch is easily obtainable—praise be, for it is the best of all additions to a salad of fresh fruit—for it is made in Germany, Rhineland France and Switzerland: the

tiny, juicy black cherry it is distilled from grows wild over the Vosges, the Eifel and the Black Forest. The true Maraschino, on the other hand, used to come only from what was Italy's Dalmatian coast, and was shipped from what was then Zara and is now Zadar, in a typically Italian straw-covered *fiasco*. It was the marasca or damasca cherry peculiar, I think, to the eastern coast of the Adriatic, that gave it its distinctive character, and no other so-called Maraschino liqueurs, however delicious in their own right, quite capture that quality that I haven't, myself, tasted since before the war.

But then, I haven't been to Yugoslavia, and it may be that Marshal Tito's countrymen have got around to making this excellent cordial, as well as the fiery Slivovitz, the plum liqueur that was originally from that part of the country that used to be Serbia—farther south and east, at once more Balkan, and more affected by the Turkish influence of a couple of hundred years ago.

WHY, I wonder, with our wealth of the appropriate fruit, do we not distil our own English liqueurs? (I know there are Scottish ones.) Kentish cherries, and Herefordshire apples, for instance, would give us a kind of Kirsch, and a kind of Calvados of our own, without any need of imported brandy to steep them in. For the same reason, perhaps, that there is no sheep's-milk cheese made in this country, though my countrymen dote, it seems, on a Danish imitation of the blue French sheep's-milk cheese that is Roquefort. But what that same reason is, I don't know.

There could be some deliciously delicate English liqueurs, as different as chalk from cheese from most of the syrupy concoctions that we import so freely and spend so much money on. Which is not to say that the best imported liqueurs aren't delicious, but I am all for a wider choice to include cheaper drinks home-made from home-grown raw materials. And for more liqueurs, anyway, all round: as that great and good man Warner Allen has observed, "without a liqueur and coffee the best of meals ends as tamely as a pretty mermaid."

BRIGGS . . . . . by Graham







The TATLER and  
Bystander, AUGUST 29  
384 1956

John Kriza  
(left) in one of  
the lively  
dances from  
"Fancy Free,"  
Rosella High-  
tower and Erik  
Bruhn (right)  
show brilliant  
virtuosity in  
"The Black  
Swan" pas  
de deux from  
"Swan Lake"



## AMERICAN BALLET WITH A MUSIC HALL TOUCH

George Gulley, a  
noted authority on  
the art of living in  
the world of today,  
considers the merits  
and weaknesses of  
the American Ballet  
Theatre which is  
now having a short  
season at the Royal  
Opera House,  
Covent Garden



Norah Kaye who gives  
such a moving and high-  
ly dramatic perform-  
ance in the dream-like  
"Fall River Legend"

Now that the stole of Sir Oswald Stoll has fallen indisputably to Mr. Parnell the latter might pick up an idea from the American Ballet for his Palladium programmes. Nothing sordid, vulgar, or plebeian, was Sir Oswald's motto and, culture being a sound commodity in those days, he gave the Russian Ballet the second half of many a good variety bill at the Coliseum.

The Americans underline their fitness for this kind of booking with a considerable display of versatility. First a trifle of classicism to set the tone: *Sylphides* in the Diaghilev style but lacking perhaps the eddying ostrich-feather quality which is still memorable. Indeed the ladies of the ensemble made the boards groan as they walked to the wings between items, but there was nothing that judicious lighting could not have made perfectly digestible.

Now follows *Fall River Legend*, an all-American idyll based on the history of Lizzie Borden, who, you may remember, took an axe to her parents when they displeased her. This is one of those fey little numbers enacted in and about the popular moderns which consists of a mobile skeleton house with no roof. The young psychopath in question is danced and mimed with convincing tenderness and emotion by Miss Nora Kaye as the murderer and John Kriza as her parson boy-friend. The impact and charm of this offering is very like the obligatory dream-sequence in the more pretentious American musicals. It could be slipped into Drury Lane without anybody lifting a drowsy eyelid.

CONSIDERED as a work of art it is no great shakes. Echoes of every single smart trick of yesteryear remind the eye and the ear of other productions. There is nothing to disturb the long peace of Gershwin or the inventive zeal of Mr. Elia Kazan, but the company, lighter of foot than with *Sylphides*, managed some remarkable lifts as they flickered around the stage representing the vivacity of square dancing in the 1890s.

The Black Swan pas de deux gives Rosella Hightower and Erik Bruhn the customary opportunities to produce gasps of admiration from the experts as they pinpoint each moment with satisfying brilliance. Here is sheer virtuosity, hall marked skill guaranteed to earn an ovation anywhere and keep its protagonists at the top of the bill. Its relation to the art of ballet has about the significance of a square inch of a Rembrandt canvas enlarged to fill a page of this journal.

AND so to *Fancy Free*, a jolly little music hall frolic by a trio (Messrs. Scott Douglas, Harold Lang and John Kriza) who might well call themselves "The Liberty Boat Boys." They and their girl friends (Mesdames Leslie Franzos, Christine Mayer and Audrey Deckmann) cavorted pleasantly in and out of a New York bar in a style which I fear would strike M. Roland Petit as prep-school material, but it was gay enough to make one think cosily of supper time.

The Company, which is to tour extensively after leaving London, gave only a fragment of its repertoire but patrons may clearly be assured of an evening of mild delights at any point.

If I might make a suggestion to the management of the Garden itself, it would be a convenience if they could arrange to have small false straggly beards (for gentlemen only) on hire in the foyer so that those of us who like to appear in correct ritual costume even in the silly season could be saved embarrassment at a modest fee.





*Houston Rogers*

## Giselle danced in a wood by Svetlana Beriosova

SVETLANA BERIOSOVA, the Lithuanian-born Sadler's Wells ballerina, dances one of her most successful roles, *Giselle*, in an English wood, Claremont, not far from London. This brilliant dancer has been taking many of the leading roles with the Company since 1952, and will be one of the six ballerinas who will be going with the Sadler's Wells ballet for their pioneering three and a half weeks' season in Moscow in November





R. H. S.

HILDEGARDE NEFF the beautiful German-born film star was among those enjoying a holiday in the Engadine at St. Moritz

### Priscilla of Paris

## A SUMMER PARADISE FOR PADRES



FROM THE ISLAND.—At our annual *Kermesse* the Islanders put the "little dishes in the big ones" as it is said in this delightful country or, in other words, "bring out the finger bowls"! The streets of the principal village are decorated with flowers (paper), pine branches (real) and multicoloured streamers. Tricolor flags add a patriotic note to the festivities and the local veterans of two wars display their medals.

The summer householders are expected to do their bit. Hard cash and hard labour are both accepted. The bravest of us preside over stalls at the open-air fête and sell lottery tickets for prizes that range from works of art (by the schoolmaster's daughter) to a leg of mutton (from the butcher). The less brave buy those tickets and forget to claim any prize they may win unless, of course, it is the leg of mutton! The laziest of us—such as I—consider their duty well done by lending tables and garden chairs and sending cakes for the refreshment tent.

The story goes that a wealthy Maecenas, some years ago, lent a refrigerator that was not returned and never traced. Having young acquaintances in the most unlikely places, however, I happen to have discovered that it has been turned into a most satisfactory dolls' house. The Maecenas left the Island without going into the matter very seriously. This was lucky for everybody. We hope he is happy maecening elsewhere.

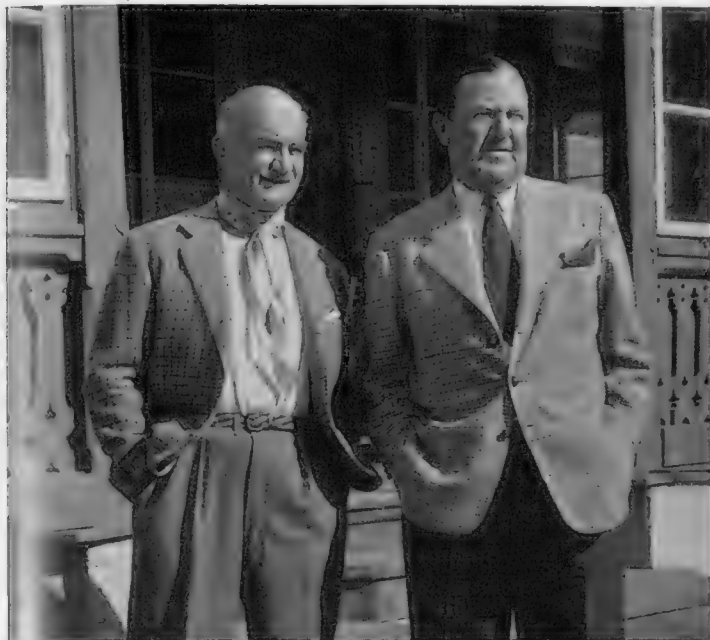
MANY padres spend their vacations on the Island which—legend avers—was discovered by Saint Philibert in the dim, dark ages long past. To this fête they escort their *gouvernantes*; those demure and dignified ladies of canonical age who keep house for them. This year, as usual, I met *monsieur l'abbé* Raymond, almoner of the school of the *Légion d'Honneur* at Saint-Germain en Laye; he was born on the Island and intends to retire there in a very little while now. He was accompanied by his faithful "governess," a cousin who nearly reaches the eighty mark and who can still manage to darn his hose without wearing spectacles.

We no longer, alas, see *Monseigneur* Loutil, Rector of St. François de Sales, in Paris, who, under the pen name of Pierre l'Ermite, has written many edifying novels for the young, the most recent being: *Can One Love Twice?* He has a lovely old house built of grey stone, not twenty yards from the beach but half hidden in a cypress grove. It is not far from my shack which he has often painted. He dabbles in water colours as well as ink, but he rarely comes to the Island now; having entered



## Championship golf in Switzerland

THE winners of the International Golf Championships of Switzerland at the Engadine Golf Club near St. Moritz were Mlle. M. A. Van den Berghe and Signor Franco Bevione



Lt.-Col. D'Arcy Rutherford, hon. secretary of the Engadine Golf Club, and Bobby Locke the celebrated golfer watching the games

the tenth decade of his long and well filled life he no longer cares to leave his Paris home.

he Island misses his presence and I too miss his tall, familiar silhouette as, with his white *beret basque* over one ear and his cap cock kilted high, he used to stride along the sandy path that cut through my small domain. He was always followed by his *gouvernante*, a short, round, breathless little soul whose short legs found it difficult to keep up with him.

ANOTHER personage, in a more humble walk of life but definitely a personage, whom I did not see this year was my dear friend: *le père Ouvrard*. I made inquiries of his seventy-two year old son François, a still active carpenter and father of many sons and grandsons. François nodded towards the ivy-crowned, grey walls of the cemetery: "He worked hard; now he sleeps," was the answer.

*Père Ouvrard* was chief *cantonnier* on the Island. Mended the roads, tidied the ditches, trimmed the hedges . . . and dug the graves. He had just retired when first I knew him and had become a jobbing gardener whose services were in great demand. Very kindly he adopted me and my little acre. This happened a long time ago and the conifers he planted have prospered so well that now they tower almost frighteningly.

His wife died a few years later. Their married life had lasted half a century! He liked to tell me of those days. Of his childhood in the foundling hospital, of his work in the fields even before he was in his teens. When he was sixteen he met and "frequented"—Islandese for "walking-out"—the girl he made up his mind to marry. She was a laundry hand, a *repasseuse de fin*. They both saved every *sou* they earned and when he went away for his *service militaire*—that lasted five years in those days—he did not once come home on leave, in order not to spend money. "She could have done better for herself" he told me proudly, "but it was me she loved!"

He also said: "The good God took her from me too soon. Fifty years pass so quickly!"

Yes, *père Ouvrard* was certainly a personage.

### Route Internationale

• After all: Life is an illness, since we die of it!



Signor and Signora P. Rivetti (Turin) with Duchessa Serra di Cassano and Signor Franco Bevione (Rome) who were second in the Crosfield Cup



Mr. Charles Urry and Mrs. Urry from the U.S.A.

Mr. J. Boxshall, Mrs. Boxshall and Col. E. Boxshall



Mlle. M. A. Van den Berghe and Mrs. Homer Smith

Miss Emily McLean and Miss Wendy Vanderbilt







## At the Theatre

# LESSON FOR A MINX

"THE YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL" (The Arts Theatre Club). Josephine Perry (Lois Smith) in her man-mad search for the perfect life partner has little mercy on the high-minded and earnest Anthony Harker (Nicholas Brady). The sophisticated Travis de Coppet (Brian Bedford) is not so easily hurt and is more casual in his attentions. Drawings by Emmwood

ENGLISH parents afflicted with a boy-crazy teen-age daughter go about cutting themselves with knives. To Americans seemingly this niminy-piminy attitude to the facts of life is a sort of decadence. *The Young And Beautiful* at the Arts Theatre quietly assumes as much.

Seventeen-year-old Josephine in the Chicago of forty years ago is known to the boys as a "speed." Her reputation is more a matter of parental pride than parental shame. A touch of the Pompadour in the lovely child is as reassuring as would be a bit of devil in a boy: it is a sign that she is going to do pretty well in the world. But though boy-craziness is represented as a quite healthy and rather charming state of mind, it is a very moral little comedy. The heroine comes in at the end for a good hard tap. It is not that the girl's way of life is wrong; it is the girl herself who is wrong. Josephine is a minx, and she duly suffers the penalty of minxishness.

The "Josephine" stories of Scott Fitzgerald came out serially in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and Miss Sally Benson, well known by her mordant contributions to the *New Yorker*, has done a neat job in unifying the series of episodes for the stage. Young Josephine has all the attitudes of a Cleopatra and almost as long a list of beaux.

TRAVIS, who wears a cape, cultivates detachment and swears prodigiously, is the most sophisticated of them, and though he gets a good share of the kisses which she bestows so freely, his interest in her is something that will not flower into love. That is, perhaps, why he keeps his position as her "steady." For her aim is to fall in love with a boy or a man who, though not indifferent to her witchery, is capable of withstanding it.

It looks as though this not impossible He may be Tony. He is ten years her senior. He doesn't like the idea of baby snatching. He is involved in her father's business. He is taken aback by her uninhibited wooing. His intentions in the circumstances are all very honourable and proper. Nevertheless, he falls for the impassioned child—only to find that he has done just what she hoped he would never do. She loses interest in him,

though she is thrilled to know that she has ruined his business prospects. For Papa is fiercely indignant that a grown-up man should dare tamper with his lovely innocent child's affection. Mama is sweetly understanding, but she thinks it might as well if the child went to stay in the country with an aunt.

BUT before Josephine goes into exile (from which she is to return with a swarm of scandals buzzing about her head) she has already replaced Tony with his friend, Capt. Dick Dicey, of the British Military Mission. He has sized her up and realized that it is a masterful lover that will best meet her ideas. His detachment as a lover enchants her, and she comes back from her rural and scandalous exile with her heart set on meeting him again. He is on his way back to the front; he realizes that the enchanter has become the enchanted; and he begs her therefore to elope with him.

Josephine's dearest wish is thus fulfilled, and she makes ready to yield herself. Alas, at this great moment she, to her utter bewilderment, can feel nothing. That is the worst of playacting overmuch with the emotions. As Burns knew, "it hardens a' within and petrifies the feeling." She is left alone in her state of petrification—to be picked up by Travis, with his cape, his cane and his swaggering knowingness, quite casually and indifferently. Is he the companion she needs? Has life nothing better to offer than that? But after all she is only seventeen, and though despair at that age is absolute, it rarely lasts.


It is a neat and rather touching little comedy, and would, I think, be even more touching if Miss Lois Smith, the American actress who plays Josephine, made the girl less enigmatic and more transparent. Her callow daydreams and ridiculous pretensions would then take on more of the charm which is obviously intended. But the boys are done variously and well, and there is a capital performance by Mr. Nicholas Brady as the only one of her admirers who suffers genuinely at the hands of the minx.

—Anthony Cookman



MR. PERRY (Jack Allen) is the benevolent father of the flirting, wayward miss





## REVIVAL OF "MR. BOLFRY"

ALASTAIR SIM is familiar to both theatregoers and film addicts alike, and whether he is suavely sinister or benignly chuckling, cherubic or ghoulish, his performance is always a pleasure. He was born in Edinburgh but did not make his stage debut until he was thirty, since when he has appeared in many plays and films. He plays the title role in James Bridie's "Mr. Bolfrý" which will be revived at the Aldwych Theatre, opening tomorrow night

*Photograph by  
Houston Rogers*



# A BERKSHIRE WEDDING RECEPTION

THE marriage took place at the Franciscan church of St. Francis, South Ascot, between the Hon. Patricia Bethell, daughter of Lord Bethell and of Veronica, Lady Bethell, and Mr. Michael Nesbitt. After the wedding ceremony nearly three hundred guests attended the reception held in the garden of Monks Revel, South Ascot, the home of the bride's mother. Right: Mr. Michael and the Hon. Mrs. Nesbitt after their wedding

*Mrs. Nicholas Royds with Mr. Tom Saville and Mrs. Saville*



*Mr. T. Parsons and his uncle, Lord Bethell, the bride's father*



*Veronica, Lady Bethell, and Mrs. Philip Nesbitt, the bridegroom's mother*

*Miss Carol Bailey was here in conversation with Mrs. Ian Coupland*

*Mr. Michael O'Connor, Miss Pauline Kennedy and Mr. Lawrence Watts*



*Mrs. Philip Evans and Mr. B. Sanders talk outside the marquee in the garden*





*Desmond O'Neill*

*Mr. Peter Clark was with Mr. John Poland and Mrs. Poland*



*Cdr. John Locke and Mrs. P. E. Nesbitt who was taking a cine-film*



*Ian Brown and his sister Caroline, who were both bridal attendants*

*Mrs. Claude Worral with Mrs. D'Ambrumenil and Mr. R. P. D'Ambrumenil*





## At the Pictures

# MECHANIZED WARFARE IN THE DEEP SOUTH

**M**R. WALT DISNEY, fluttering the pages of American history by no means idly, put in his thumb and pulled out a plum in the shape of *Davy Crockett—King Of The Wild Frontier*. Mr. Fess Parker, the tall and charming young Texan who took the title rôle in that epic, became overnight the idol of small boys in half the so-called civilized world: fringed buckskin suits and coonskin hats were suddenly the only wear—and Mr. Disney, who seemed to have a monopoly of these fetching garments, must have made a fortune on what is known in the business as “the exploitation side.” I hope so, anyway, for Davy Crockett was an admirable character and it was refreshing to find children happily emulating a good man instead of playing gangsters.

I wonder what impact on the young Mr. Disney's latest snippet from history, *The Great Locomotive Chase*, will have. I wonder, too, how it will affect Mr. Parker's following—for this time he plays a spy, and an unsuccessful spy at that. Maybe I'm being stuffy, but it seems to me there's something not quite nice about spying. Oh, spies have to be brave—that I'll allow; and as long as they're just bamboozling the military high-ups I've nothing against 'em. But when it comes to deceiving innocent and trusting civilians, which can only be done by an accomplished liar, I'm distinctly put off. Still, that's just a personal squeamishness. I don't for a moment wish to deter you from seeing the film, which is very good fun—especially if you have an affection for trains.

Mr. Parker plays James J. Andrews, a Union spy in the Civil War. The year is 1862. Mr. Parker, clad as the sort of Southern gentleman who usually turns out to be a river-boat gambler called Gayelord Something-or-other, leads twenty-one Union soldiers disguised as disgruntled Kentuckians, into Confederate territory. Because they all say they want to join the Confederate Army, they are given lavish hospitality. Mr. Parker ingratiates himself with the Southerners by singing Dixie songs and drinking toasts to the Union's downfall (that's the bit I don't like)—and then, when nobody's looking, he and his men steal a train and set off to destroy the track and bridges on the Southern Army's supply route from the base at Atlanta to the front at Chatanooga.

**A** YOUNG railwayman, William J. Fuller (Mr. Jeffrey Hunter), smells a rat and gives chase—first on foot, then on one of those fascinating trolleys propelled with a punt-pole, and finally in a series of furious-looking railway engines that puff along breathing out fire and smoke like dragons on the warpath.

Mr. Parker, aware that he's being pursued, sends burning trucks hurtling backwards along the line, leaves sleepers lying on the track and tears up strips of the permanent way in the wake of his stolen train—but nothing stops Mr. Hunter. The raiders are caught and jailed. A few of them escape, after a battle with the guards; the others, including Mr. Parker, will hang.

Mr. Parker, in a farewell speech to Mr. Hunter, admits he was a spy but explains that, after all, he was only doing the best he could for his side. He's not trying to escape hanging—only to prove that spies aren't such bad chaps, really. Well all right, as Mr. Fats Waller used to say: but it doesn't matter which way you look at it, it's Mr. Hunter who emerges as the hero of this rattling good, boys' own picture.

There ought to be a law against American film-makers taking liberties with London. Mr. Henry Hathaway, director of *23 Paces To Baker Street*, is the latest offender. He has provided Mr. Van Johnson, star of the film, with a flat which faces on to Portman Square and backs on to the Embankment at the very



## TWO BEAUTIFUL NEW FACES

**B**ARBARA DARROW (above) and Anna Kashfi both have leading roles in the new VistaVision Technicolor film *The Mountain* made in the Chamonix Valley and adapted from the prize winning French novel. Miss Darrow has her first real chance in this picture which stars Spencer Tracy and Robert Wagner and opens at the Leicester Square Theatre in October. Beautiful Anna Kashfi from India plays opposite Tracy. She already has two Indian films to her credit





Fess Parker and Jeffrey Hunter are on opposite sides in Walt Disney's *The Great Locomotive Chase* which is a "must" for all train lovers

spot where the Savoy stands. I daresay that to Americans the view from Waterloo Bridge to the Houses of Parliament means "London"—just as a shot of the Eiffel Tower means "Paris"—but if Mr. Hathaway couldn't identify our capital city without committing such a topographical outrage, perhaps he would have been wiser not to show the picture here. Londoners may be prepared placidly to accept the many improbabilities with which the film bristles—but an apartment covering, at a modest estimate, several square miles, is a rank impossibility at which they are entitled to jib.

An overheard conversation in a London pub leads Mr. Johnson, a blind American playwright, to believe that a crime is to be committed—it could be blackmail, kidnapping or murder. He memorizes the conversation, makes a tape-recording of it and sends for the police. He cannot, of course, describe the two lotters—a man and a woman—as he is blind; all he knows about them is that one of them uses a particularly pungent scent and that the woman works for a "ladyship" who lives somewhere on the 73 bus route.

SCOTLAND YARD inspector, Mr. Maurice Denham, listens courteously to Mr. Johnson's story and the tape-recording and says mildly that he doesn't feel Mr. Johnson has given the police enough to work on. This throws Mr. J. into a fine tizzy. He doesn't think our police are at all wonderful and he determines to solve the mystery himself. Aided by his secretary, Mr. Cecil Parker, his girl friend, pretty Miss Vera Miles, and a sense of smell that would do credit to a bloodhound, he does—and is Scotland Yard's face red!

The story is fantastic—as the novel by Mr. Philip MacDonald of which it is based may well have been—and it comes as something of a shock to find that Mr. Nigel Balchin was responsible for the screenplay. The film is not without its ingeniously contrived thrills—the blind man waiting in the dark for a murderer to invade the vast acreage of his flat and do him in is about the best of them—and dear Mr. Cecil Parker bumbles through it most entertainingly: a slightly Watsonian character, he could have dropped in from the Sherlock Holmes country but that still doesn't account for the title of a picture which, for all it has to do with Baker Street, might just as reasonably be called "From Ushant To Scilly Is 35 Leagues."

IN *Stella* (a Greek film with English subtitles) the title rôle is played by Miss Melina Mercouri—a young Greek actress whom I found rather terrifying but before whose ogress-ish onslaught my male colleagues went down like ninepins. Stella, a nightclub entertainer, leads a distinctly uninhibited life—taking and devouring her lovers where she finds them. A crazy football-player, Mr. Georges Foundas, woos her with a hand-grenade and by threatening to run her down with his lorry. Charmed, she agrees to marry him but on their wedding day she jilts him because she's the sort of girl who must be free (free for all, one gathers)—so he stabs her to death.

The photography in this, I thought, uncomfortably violent picture is excellent and the bouzouki music, to which the male guests at a wedding feast gravely dance, is interesting. As for Miss Mercouri—though she scares me rigid, she certainly has something: no doubt the Greeks have a word for it.

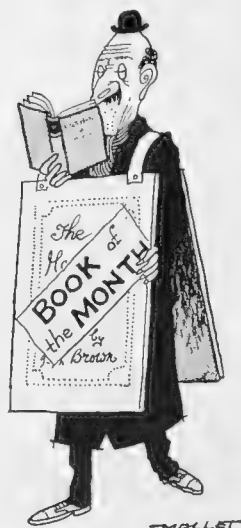
—Elsbeth Grant



**BARBARA BATES** and her poodle Petchulie. She is the American actress who came over from Hollywood to sign a contract with the Rank Organization, and has a leading role in *The House Of Secrets*. This exciting thriller is set in France, many of the scenes being filmed in Paris and Marseilles. Others starring in the picture are Michael Craig, Julia Arnall and Brenda de Banzie. The film comes to London in October



BARBARA TOY is an Australian-born writer whose first book told of a journey alone in a Land-Rover from Tangier to Baghdad. She then felt the legendary fascination of the desert and her new book "A Fool In The Desert," which is to be published next month, tries lightheartedly to solve the mystery of its spell



## Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen



Paul Tanquer.

# TESTING GROUND FOR SCHOOLMASTERS

FIRST rate school stories occur wonderfully rarely: when one does, it is likely to leave its mark. The English public school, as a subject, may be found by some sacrosanct, by others controversial. **The New Headmaster**, by Alan Ker (Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d.), is sure to claim attention—this novel comes at a time when the system is open to discussion. What is good is that the author does not take sides: the questions he raises are faced, rather than answered in any dogmatic way.

Perhaps Mr. Ker's own experience makes him wary of either short cuts or quick solutions. Though now a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, he has been a master at two English public schools. Astonbury, the school in his story, is pictured from the angle of the master, not from that of the boy—and has, thereby, something in common with two now accepted classics, *Mr. Perrin And Mr. Traill* and *The Lanchester Tradition*. One boy, William Thrale, does figure, and figure largely—and an engaging character he is! At the outset we meet the Governing Body, on an occasion vital to Astonbury's future. They are met to appoint the successor, as Headmaster, to a tough old authoritarian who has outstayed his time. The "short list" has reduced itself to two candidates.

The scene in which the candidates are inter-

viewed is done with a balanced humour worthy of Trollope. Burly, honest-to-God Mr. Senator, or ethereal Mr. Digby (whose spectacles glimmer with idealism)—which is it to be? Which will best do what the G.B. requires—i.e., stand firm by the old tradition, yet, nonetheless, bring the school abreast with today's ideas? That this must be done is clear to the least progressive of the eminent gentlemen gathered round the table. Falling off in numbers could be fatal; for, frankly, Astonbury's finances are pretty rocky. Chance—a comic mishap—tilts the scales in favour of Mr. Digby.

HERE, accordingly, is our problem central character for *The New Headmaster*. Mr. Digby's working experience of a public school has been limited to six years' teaching—and those six years are somewhat back in the past: since then, the Ministry of Education has claimed his powers. Beginning as an Inspector, he (as his credentials put it) "rose rapidly": when he applies for Astonbury, it is from the eminence of Assistant Secretary. He is author, moreover (again to quote his credentials), of "some penetrating books on the psychology of the young."

How will our Mr. Digby, as Headmaster of Astonbury, make out? The scene is set and the tale is unfolded. As I said at the start, the

author's impartiality is admirable—happily, though, this does not make for dullness, indeed, very much the reverse. Crisis after crisis (riveting for the reader, nerve-racking for the unfortunates concerned) crops up in the course of *The New Headmaster*. Two main conflicts centre around two matters much at issue today—the teaching of Latin, corporal punishment. The latter, time-honoured practice has at Astonbury only one opponent: Mr. Digby.

Young Thrale—his resistance to Latin in any form, his equable non-objection to being beaten—becomes willy-nilly a test case, a battle-ground for theorists *v.* practitioners. Finally, praise should go to *The New Headmaster* because every one of the characters is a character (clear-cut, convincing and given us in the round) not merely the mouthpiece of an opinion. Here is no tract thinly dressed up in fiction form, but, rather, a rattling good school novel. The humour is generous, the humanity warm.

★ ★ ★

ITS author's third book **And The Rain My Drink**, by Han Suyin (Cape, 16s.) I like the better for being more in the manner of her first, the narrative *Destination Chungking*, than her second—the novel *A Many-Splendoured Thing*, with its highly-charged personal

emotion. Mass movement, tension felt by thousands, wide spread conflict, rumour, seem to lend themselves better to Miss Han Suyin's pen. Her ability to handle such themes is striking; moreover, she has a rare knowledge of the Far East during its recent convulsive years. This time, her subject is Malaya.

It is hard to know whether to call *And The Rain My Drink* a novel. For one thing, out of all the enormous cast no single character predominates. For another thing, it is the Malayan situation which spins the plot—and all too powerfully! The author does not attempt to compress her abundant material into anything like a straightforward "story." From the conventional viewpoint, it might be complained that this book is rambling, chaotic—but after all, chaos is what is pictured!

LUKE DAVIS, a British police officer, and Ah Mei, a captured terrorist girl turned informer, are two figures with something like continuity. (Contrary, it may be, to expectation, no love interest ever links these two.) Quo Boon, Chinese multi-millionaire, head of his clan, and his daughter Intellectual Orchid—"Betty" to her European friends—impress and interest one. Sometimes a shadowy "I," a woman doctor, takes over, somewhat confusingly speaking in the first person: through her eyes we have the hospital scenes in 'odak New Village (a re-settlement project). Off-stage, but much to be felt, are "The People Inside"—the Communist organization inside the jungle. Most moving, in their heightened bewilderment, are the Chinese rubber tappers on the estates—simple people mired in between warring forces. The author's aim is praiseworthy; she is trying to show us the terrible situation from all round, and without prejudice in any one direction. vivid descriptive powers and ready sympathy equip her for this undertaking. *And The Rain My Drink* does not make heartening reading; but one wonders?

★ ★ ★

WITH *A Certain Smile* (John Murray, 8s. 6d.) France's juvenile best-seller Françoise Sagan follows up her first, resounding success. Her attitude to this second novel may be determined by how much you liked or did not like *Bonjour Tristesse*. This time, the heroine is at any rate not a little monster: Dominique, a girl student at the Sorbonne, on the whole rather suffers than causes pain.

The French chaperonage system, of which one hears so much, does not appear to operate in the Sagan world. How Dominique spends her days and still more her nights is the concern of neither parent nor guardian: the young thing runs foot-loose round the Quartier Latin. A love affair with a fellow-student, Bertrand, is on the wane (where Dominique is concerned) when she meets Bertrand's uncle Luc, the famous traveller. Here, alas, is middle-aged fascinatingness at its most formidable—ten days of love at Cannes leave the poor child seriously disturbed. Much might have been avoided, I did feel, if she had had a fussier mother.

*A Certain Smile*, apart from how one reacts to it, does certainly demonstrate one thing: Mlle. Sagan is no flash-in-the-pan. And more, she is juvenile in years only. Here's a serious novelist, well set upon her course: what she'll be doing next, one can only wonder. . . . The translation is a good piece of work by Irene Ash.

Scotland's fighting men have an unrivalled reputation, and their dress has always been as colourful as their history. The time is full due, therefore, for the appearance of *The Uniforms and History of the Scottish Regiments* (Seeley, Service, 30s.). In it Major R. Money Barnes, in collaboration with C. Kennedy Allen, have produced a work as outstanding for its wide scope as for its accuracy, embracing as it does regiments raised not only in Britain, but throughout the Commonwealth and Empire. The manifold colour illustrations are models of their kind.

## The Services at tennis

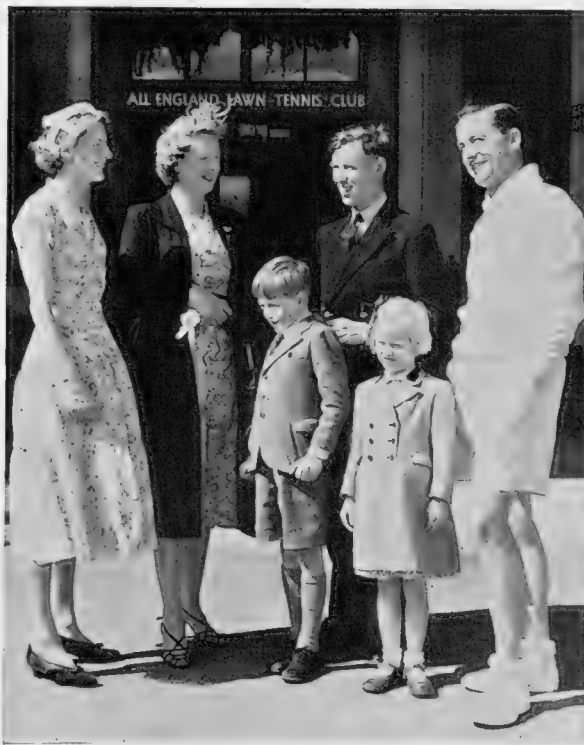
THE Inter-Services Lawn Tennis Championship at Wimbledon was won for the fifth time running by the Royal Air Force. Right: Surgeon Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander Ingleby-Mackenzie presenting the Cup to S/Ldr. N. R. Lewis and W/Cdr. E. Frith as R.A.F. representatives



Mrs. R. H. Rump, Miss Joan Ingram, the Wightman Cup player, and Capt. R. H. Rump, R.N., turn to watch play on another court



Mrs. N. C. Odberth and Air Vice-Marshal J.M. Cohu await the presentation of the Cups



Van Hallan



Miss Joan Temple and Miss June Comyn of the Army team with Lt.-Cdr. K. A. Cradock-Hartopp, the Hon. Secretary

The Hon. Mrs. D. L. Repard, Mrs. Gould, Lt.-Cdr. P. A. R. Gould, Cdr. D. L. Repard and Timothy and Angela Gould



by Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez

*Fashion Editress*

# HAUTE COUTURE



*Paris  
Collection*



## IN FRANCE

THE 1956-1957 look is feminine. The day-time line is simple and stream-lined with high colotte hats; all the fullness is emphasized on the shoulders by capes, swathing and gathered neck lines flowing into the bulk of the garment. Skirts are slim and remain the same length for day. For evening tight fitted dresses are longer; the short are fuller and wider. Materials are mostly tweeds for day-time, and for evening velvets, satin, taffeta, and at Dior pastel chiffons. Colours are violet-blues, grey, sea green, reds, browns teamed with black, gold, and black and white. There is much embroidery and the furs mostly used are mink, sables and Alaskan seal. Here is a Dior ensemble in heavy black wool with dark brown accessories. The strapless slim short evening dress has a sleeved jacket cape trimmed with marten (centre and below). On the far left is one of the new "pot hats" in dark brown felt, again showing the Parisian trend of teaming black with brown. Photographs by Michel Molinare







DIOR has this becoming dark grey woollen cape coat which has a hat in the enchanting "flower pot" shape made of the same material, and which is bordered with black



*Paris Collection*

## High Hat Days

THE becoming, essentially gay and amusing "pot hat" is definitely all the rage at the collections this year. It can be had in a variety of materials which make it eminently suitable for daylight or for cocktail time occasions

JACQUES FATH is the creator of this high hat (above) in Persian Lamb shown in a close up. From Dior (left) a high hat of the same material as the slim grey dress, which has a squared bodice and a skirt gathered at the front



JACQUES FATH  
has brought out the  
over-the-eyebrow  
squared-off hat which  
is teamed here with a  
cowl worked shoulder  
dress in dark grey  
with a matching skirt



Michel Molinare





DIOR. Of all the rich materials used by the Parisian masters of couture for their evening dresses, perhaps the most feminine and flattering is the range of soft pastel chiffons, which Dior uses so superbly. Here is a dress which is slim and elegant and shows his newest line in palest pink chiffon (above). It is swept up to the bodice on a one-sided Empire line, is strapless and falls to the ankles

*Paris Collection*

An evening of enchantment in Paris

JEAN DESSES. From Jean Desses come the two fabulous evening dresses. Below is a dress in a delicious burnt-orange shade which is pin tucked and dove-tailed in "criss-cross" working. The full skirt has a hard-tucked hem line. On the opposite page is a full-skirted chiffon evening dress, floating and ethereal, beautifully embroidered with gold and brilliant





Michel Molinare





CHOICE FOR  
THE WEEK

## A VELVETY EMPHASIS

**T**HIS pale cream double knitted pure wool fabric suit is a Swyzerli model by Hanro, the tailored lapels and pockets are bound with brown velveteen. Made in several shades, price approx. 34 gns. Above: The suit worn with an Alabaster Melusine beret price £13 4s. 6d. The accessories (right) are a brown nylon umbrella £5 9s. 6d., brown oyster suede gloves £2 7s. 6d., brown calf bag £16 3s. 6d. and brown court shoes, £6 12s. 6d. On the opposite page the suit is worn with a brown velvet beret price £14 3s. Suit and accessories from Fortnum & Mason





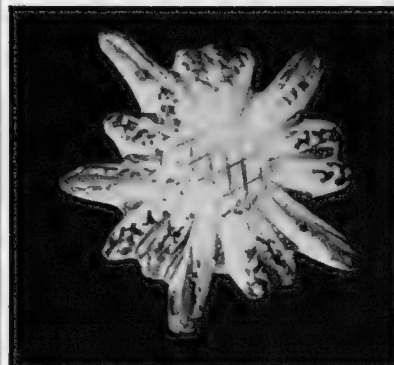


# September Sun

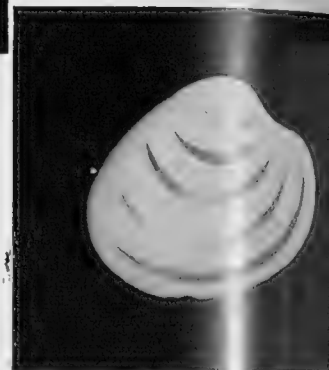


Xilcord and red leather bag with a flat top, price £8 and a French pure silk square, price £2 17s. 6d., both at Finnigans

Colourful gaiety in this towel-ling stole (below) to suit the holiday spirit. It costs £2 5s. 6d. and can be bought at Harrods



Flower shaped ceramic ear-rings for wearing with light frocks (left). 7s. 6d. a pair from Harrods



The shell shaped ceramic ear-rings on the right also cost 7s. 6d. the pair and come from Harrods



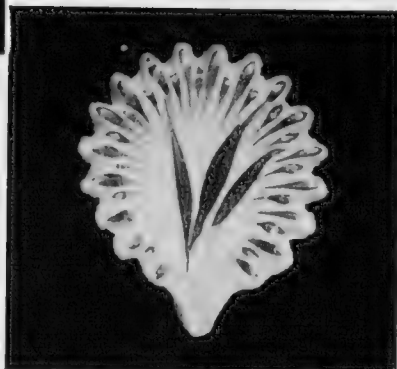
Blue and white artificial straw and plastic beach bag, £13 7s. 6d., French pure silk scarf, £2 17s. 6d. They are at Finnigans

**T**HESE accessories have been chosen in an optimistic mood to meet the needs of those who are going for a late holiday, hoping for sunshine at this time of the year. They will be equally cheering for those whose holidays are over and who are suffering from anti-climax!

—JEAN CLELAND



The pretty and original ear-rings on the left can also be bought from Harrods for 7s. 6d.



(Right) another pair of ear-rings with an attractive shell motif costing 7s. 6d. a pair at Harrods



A capacious and gay Xilcord and red leather bag with a strong plaited handle. It costs £7 3s. 6d. and is obtainable at Fin-nigans, Bond St.

Dennis Smith



The towelling beach bag, proofed, costs £3 9s. 6d., the lightweight summer sandals with cork heels cost £3 15s., the webbing belt, £1 5s. 6d., the bright yellow and white check scarf, 16s. 9d., and the cool linen hat, £1 3s. 6d. Lillywhites Ltd.



## Beauty

## Losing your neck

"WHAT a neck," said my friend. I looked up in surprise. Was she objecting because I had opened one of the bottles on her dressing table and helped myself to a spot of her scent? Surely not. After all these years. . . .

I need not have worried. She was not even looking at me, but staring straight into the mirror with an expression of extreme distaste. The exclamation was not a figure of speech, but a plain statement of fact. Her neck was the offender. "Look at it," she said, "all wrinkled and slack. Why is it that it always looks so much worse during the summer? I never seem to notice it in the winter."

That, of course, is part of the answer. Muffled up in scarves, collars and high-necked dresses, necks do go unnoticed in the winter. In consequence they get neglected. Then, with the advent of sunny days, swim-suits, and summer frocks, Nemesis overtakes us. Sunshine is cruelly revealing; moreover it is extremely drying, which is the second part of the answer. Unless something is done, things go from bad to worse.

QUITE a number of well-known beauty salons make a speciality of neck treatments, and it is surprising what an enormous improvement can be made with a short course of these. The good work in the way of massage must, of course, be carried on at home, otherwise you go forward one step, only to slip back two. There are various preparations designed for neck beauty which can be used for home treatment. I am going to tell you of something quite NEW, which seems likely to be in great demand.

This is called "Neck-Line," and has been created by Cyclax "for the many women all over the world, who, though they pay attention to their faces, disregard their necks as if they were non-existent"! How very true. My "what a neck" friend, would no doubt, sadly agree.

"Neck-Line" is useful because it performs several distinct functions. Special astringent ingredients act on the flaccid tissues, bracing them

CYCLAX have perfected a new preparation called "Neck-Line" which braces and softens the delicate skin of the neck (right): it can be used as either a prevention or a cure for a crêpey throat



REVLON'S new colour, "Love that Pink!" is exciting and adaptable; perfect as a contrast with a bronzed skin in summer and warm and glowing enough for the coldest winter day



up, and tightening the contours. At the same time, other emollient properties have a softening effect on the skin, nourishing it, and smoothing out wrinkles. These are the very things that neglected necks are in need of, to restore elasticity and preserve a smooth round column.

Young people can use the new "Neck-Line" once or twice a week to keep the neck in healthy condition, and prevent the tell-tale signs of age which may gradually assail it later on. Older people can use it four nights a week, or every morning after washing and before making up. Cyclax say that the perfect treatment for the older skin, which is lined and crêpey, is to use "Neck-Line" on alternate nights with extra nourishing skin food. In cases where the neck is badly in need of attention, it can be used again in the morning.

If your face feels dried up in the hot weather, don't forget the moisture creams. These are particularly helpful during the summer, since they not only nourish the skin but give back to it the moisture which the sun dries out. An excellent all-day protective preparation of this kind for keeping the skin moist is Charles of the Ritz "Revenescence." This can be had in either liquid or cream form. Just a little of whichever you prefer, patted all over the face during the summer, is a wonderful help for defeating dryness.

MANY people who seem to like to go without powder during the summer will be pleased to hear that a new shade called "Light Sun" has been added to Harriet Hubbard Ayer's Liquid Film Foundation. This is a lovely warm shade, which gives a pinky—and very healthy—glow to the complexion. It can be used (as can all Harriet Hubbard Ayer's Liquid Film Foundations), without powder, for sports and all outdoor activities.

The fashion to be in the pink still prevails, so here are three up-to-date make-up shades for you to try:

Firstly, Revlon's "Love that Pink!" in lipstick and nail enamel, which is so attractive that Saxones have had shoes dyed to match and tone with it, and Jacqmar's have designed a lovely scarf with a "Love that Pink!" motif.

Secondly, there is Lenthéric's "Tickled Pink," a new lipstick colour for summer, with an attractive pinkish coral tone, which is very becoming with a sun-tanned skin. The improved lipstick formula is smooth and long-lasting, and, as it is now being made without perfume, it can safely be used even by those whose lips are allergic to scented ingredients.

Lastly, there is Max Factor's "Roman Pink," as clear and cool as a fresh pink rose. This name was chosen because the shade was inspired by the beauty of Rome, and linked up with the Italian fashions.

—Jean Cleland



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# THEY WERE MARRIED



**Hooker—Findlay.** Mr. Spencer William George Hooker, only son of Lt.-Col. C. E. P. Hooker, O.B.E., and Mrs. Hooker, of Hazel Point, Nenagh, Co. Tipperary, Eire, married Miss Caroline Grace Findlay, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Findlay, of Creekside, Willow Lane, Wargrave, Berkshire, at St. Mary's Church, Wargrave



**Tatham—Colby.** Mr. John Charles Jeremy Tatham, of Old Brompton Road, S.W.7, only child of the late Major C. W. Lockwood Tatham, and of Mrs. Tatham, married Miss Christine Elizabeth Colby, daughter of Sir Geoffrey Colby, K.C.M.G., and Lady Colby, of Hanlith Hall, Skipton, Yorks, at St. Paul's, Onslow Square, London



**Ponsonby—Thellusson.** The Hon. Thomas Maurice Ponsonby, younger son of Lord and Lady de Mauley, of Langford House, Lechlade, Gloucestershire, was recently married to Miss Maxine Henrietta Thellusson, daughter of Mr. W. D. K. Thellusson, of Norcote, Cirencester, Gloucestershire, at St. James's Church, Piccadilly, London, S.W.



**Tweedy—Berrangé.** Capt. Robert Tweedy, The Black Watch, son of Cdr. and Mrs. G. Tweedy, of Ann Street, Edinburgh, was married to Miss April Dawn Berrangé, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Berrangé and granddaughter of Sir Stanley and Lady Norie-Miller, of Murrayshall, Perth, at St. Ninian's Cathedral, Perth, Scotland



**Roberts—Freeman-Taylor.** Mr. David Llewellyn Roberts, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Llewellyn Roberts, of Barn House, Pebmarsh, Essex, married Miss Sarah Freeman-Taylor, daughter of Col. R. P. Freeman-Taylor, of The Hermitage, Brancaster, Norfolk, at St. Michael's Church, Chester Square, London, S.W.1



**Pollard—Hart.** The marriage took place recently at Christ Church, Guildford, Surrey, between Mr. Arthur James Pollard, eldest son of Mrs. D. W. Morris and the late Mr. T. Pollard, of Tugley Farm, Chiddingfold, Surrey, and Miss Diana Hart, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Hart, of Westbrook Lodge, Guildford, Surrey



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MR. EDWARD BOWYER, C.B.E., Director of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors, and his daughter Deborah. He is the man primarily responsible for the Farnborough air displays



SWEDISH GRAND PRIX held at Kristianstad where Erik Lundgren and John Kvarnstrom, Sweden, won the serial sports car class over 2,000 c.c. (Left) Owe Sjoblom on the race track

## Motoring

by

Oliver Stewart



# EARLS COURT FORECAST

ALREADY the annual guessing game on what manufacturers will be showing at Earls Court has begun. And already the annual "people's car" (£100, 50 miles to the gallon, 50 miles an hour, five people!) has appeared among the guesses. Then there are the technical improvements, among which automatic transmissions, direct fuel injection, independent but inter-related suspension (*à la* 2 CV Citroën) and disc brakes are at the moment in the lead.

All these are fairly safe bets. Year by year these technical features will spread to increasing numbers of models. But what I would like to know, and what I cannot guess, is whether British makers will be turning to these novelties with more alacrity than in the past.

It is not difficult to understand the British manufacturer's point of view when he puts aside direct injection, for example, and prefers simply to make a few changes in styling and then to announce a "new" model. British prestige does not rest on innovation; but on soundness and stability. It is better that the owner of an old British car should be able to get spares quickly than that the owner of a new British car should be able to boast of all the latest technical improvements.

IN spite of all that, the threatened recession in the motor industry may have accelerated the introduction of technical novelties. As a result of racing much more is known in this country about direct injection and about disc brakes. Thanks for that improvement in basic knowledge must go to Jaguar first and foremost and then to Aston Martin, Connaught, Vanwall and B.R.M. We may assert that we now know as much about these things as any other country. We are no longer lagging behind Germany or Italy. I would say that it would be good policy at the present moment for British makers to modify their traditional procedure and to go out a little more boldly for models showing these particular technical advances.

As for that "people's car"; it is always predicted, but it never arrives. There is no basic engineering obstacle to its production. But its power of attracting buyers in the United Kingdom is a matter of doubt. People here are more sensitive to the look of their vehicles than people on the Continent. They are less ready to go about in some weird contraption even if it does offer remarkable performance in fuel economy and trustworthiness.

Moreover it must be borne in mind that the small Ford, albeit a perfectly normal motor car, achieves an astonishingly low price and modest running costs. It is not surprising that sales managers doubt the wisdom of placing any vehicle approaching the ultimate in cheapness on the market. A big capital investment would be needed and the public might fail to respond.

BRITISH motorists taking their cars abroad still prefer (rightly in my view) France. That is the favourite touring country and it is the country where motoring is still a pleasure; where there is still much unspoilt countryside; where there are still pleasant beaches and where living itself is enjoyable. But the Royal Automobile Club, in the half-yearly survey which revealed the continuing popularity of France, also shows an increase in the popularity of Spain. After France and Spain there come, in order of popularity, Switzerland, Germany, Austria and Italy.

There was, by the way, a slight increase in the numbers of visitors to Britain during the first six months of this year. Most of them came from North America. But we should remember that these touring figures are sensitive to international upsets and that the international situation will play a dominant part in settling whether touring continues to develop next year or not.

The basic prices of the 1957 Vauxhalls were announced a short time ago. The Wyvern is £535, the Velox £580 and the Cresta £640. With purchase tax included these prices become: Wyvern, £803 17s., Velox, £871 7s., Cresta, £961 7s.

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IAN ROY BENNETT is the jovial landlord of the Haunch of Venison in Salisbury. He possesses the unusual gift of being able to play bugle calls on a piece of seven-foot gas piping. The hostelry dates from 1320. It stays open until 3.30 p.m. on Tuesdays, market day, and food and wines are of the best

## DINING OUT

### Curds and whey

ONCE again the mousetrap is snapping at me! I got a call from Howard Naish of United Dairies, one of whose many activities includes the selling and distribution of enormous quantities of Cheddar cheese.

"You complain," he said, "of being persecuted by cheese; by cheese and wine parties; and the incessant opening of wine and cheese bars; in fact, you are probably thoroughly cheesed off. Let's break the spell. Come and see how it is made. I have to go down on business to one of our cheese factories, possibly one of the largest in the world, and I think you'll be interested and astonished. The factory is situated at Bailey Gate, which is near Blandford in Dorset. We will stay down there overnight and see if we can find some enjoyment *en route*."

This proved to be a most successful expedition. Mr. Naish's idea of combining business with pleasure was highly commendable. Having collected him at their mammoth emporium on Western Avenue, we made a rapid start and a rapid stop after half a mile, to have some cold salmon and a bottle of wine at the Myllet Arms. Then on to our destination, the Crown Hotel at Blandford, a good, sound, country hotel, friendly staff and management; plain and well-cooked food, with local specialities such as Christchurch Salmon.

THAT night we went exploring. I heard that Mr. and Mrs. McInnes, whom I had known during the war when they ran the Norfolk Hotel at Bournemouth, had taken over the Dormy Hotel at Ferndown and that it was something much above average and quite out of the ordinary. It was. It has, in the parlance of today, "got the lot"; thirty-four very well furnished bedrooms and thirty-four bathrooms, all as far as I could see looking out over their beautiful gardens, which cover over eight acres; first-class chefs are employed, and there is almost nothing you can't order *à la carte*, although the wide choice on the table d'hôte covers all ordinary requirements. There is a smart cocktail bar with a smart girl behind it—Hilda—who used to serve so many of us so well when she was running the cocktail bar at the Palace Hotel in Southend during the war.

NEXT day we went over the mighty U.D. cheese factory, being shown over by Mr. Hooper, an enthusiast who had obviously been up to his neck in curds and whey for some time. It is impossible to describe in this column the tremendous interest of watching the milk come in one end and following the whole process through until you find yourself in a gigantic warehouse, stacked to the roof with thousands upon thousands of Cheddar cheeses, each weighing between sixty to seventy pounds.

On our way back to London, by this time somewhat exhausted and in dire need of refreshment, we stopped at a fine and ancient inn, The Haunch of Venison, at Salisbury, which dates back to 1320. Some years ago an American hotelier was so impressed that he built an exact replica in New Jersey. They provide good English fare at very reasonable prices—Aylesbury duckling, Wiltshire chickens, salmon steaks, etc., and have half bottles of red and white wine on every table.

—I. Bickerstaff

## DINING IN

### A rare game bird

As the weather all over these islands has been not at all good grouse weather, I thought it might be advisable to wait for a couple of weeks to see if there would be enough supplies of the birds to make it worthwhile mentioning them. Now, at Leadenhall Market, I am told that grouse are surprisingly plentiful—but surprisingly priced. A young bird costs 27s. 6d. and an old one 10s.

An old grouse is a strong bird, so most folk and most cookery books concern themselves only with the young ones. Grouse should be slightly underdone, at least, but some go farther (or less!) and want them very rare. Alexis Soyer had his own ideas on the quality of grouse:

"Ah, Sir, grouse to be well enjoyed should be eaten in secret; and take my experience as your guide: do not let the bird you eat be raw and bloody, but well roasted, and drink with it at intervals a little sweet champagne. Never mind your knife and fork; suck the bones and dwell upon them. Take plenty of time; that is the true way to enjoy a game bird."

The times for roasting grouse vary greatly, all the way from 10 minutes to half an hour. I would say that between 18 and 20 minutes in a fairly hot oven should be ample time.

PORK fat should cover the breast and be tied on. Salt and pepper, kneaded into a nice piece of butter, should be placed in the body cavity and, if a sprig of heather came with the bird, place that inside as well. Place the bird on its breast on a rack (the grill grid is ideal) and bake it in a fairly hot oven as above. Meanwhile, lightly fry the liver in butter, mash it with a fork, add the residue from the pan and season it well. Spread it on a slice of crustless bread, fried in butter (never dripping), place the grouse breast on top and serve with game chips and salad.

The legs and the delicious tiny fillets from the back should be cut off and go into the making of another dish. Remove the meat and cut it into small pieces. Mince a pound of lean steak and fry it in a tiny piece of butter. Add a little water to the pan in which the grouse was cooked, rub off the residue and add it to the lightly browned minced beef, together with the bones and carcase of the grouse. Cover tightly and cook gently for at least forty minutes, seasoning well about half way through the cooking.

During the last few minutes, add the titbits of grouse and gently heat them through. Remove the bones. If liked, a tablespoon or so of brown sauce can be added, though not essential. Serve on slices of crustless bread, first fried in butter.

HERE is a simple, less expensive dish. Mackerel are very good just now. Cooked in the following manner, they are not the least bit dry which, sometimes, they tend to be.

Fillet them. Place them in a buttered glass oven-dish and, over them, place sliced skinned tomatoes, chopped parsley, a very thinly sliced onion and 2 to 3 sliced mushrooms. Add a little dry white wine and seasoning to taste. On top, place butter paper so that it fits well down. Put on the lid and bake for about 20 minutes in a moderately hot oven (400 deg. Fahr. or gas mark 6). Remove the paper, sprinkle with browned breadcrumbs and serve with tiny boiled potatoes, turned in butter.

—Helen Burke



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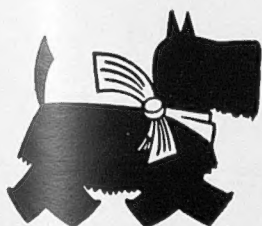
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